

self, all except the new white dress. Then she crept back under the bed-clothes, feeling that Marcella would never, never get up and go down into the garden, which was her wont upon ordinary mornings. And verily it did seem that everything hindered Marcella that day!

But at last, just as the breakfast bell was ringing, she dashed off down-stairs in a hurry, believing that Emily, sweltering beneath the covers, had preceded her long since.

And then indeed, springing forth like a mechanical toy set into sudden action, did Emily leap from her uncomfortable seclusion with wildly beating heart.

The new white frock was donned and fastened with fingers that were cold and trembled. Comb, brush and hair-ribbons again were manipulated with frantic energy.

Then slowly she approached Marcella's mirror—her own had been faced against the closet wall in the beginning of the trial—closed her eyes until she felt herself close up against the dresser, opened them, and looked in.

And then—poor, poor little dreamer!—the bitter truth flashed full upon her, in one heart-breaking blow: there had been no marvelous change, no transformation. The same small, pale face, the same clustering, red curls, the same gray eyes, the same tan freckles—she counted them automatically nine on one cheek-bone and eight on the other—the same wistful, half-pathetic mouth she always had known looked back to confront her. She had not become in the least degree a great beauty. She was just the same.

No Emily appearing at the breakfast table, Marcella was sent to call her. She returned, breathless, to report that Emily was nowhere about the house or garden.

Then Mrs. Wheaton, remembering the request of the previous evening, herself went in search of her daughter. By a trail of wide-open doors the mother instinct was led to the attic, and there in a dark corner the mother comforter found a weeping, hysterical, almost unbalanced child.

Mother love and mother petting drew forth the story, and word was sent down-stairs that Emily had been taken suddenly ill and that Mrs. Wheaton would stay with her while some one else poured the breakfast coffee.

And by and by, when floods of tears, the conse-

quent exhaustion and a mild sedative had combined to bring about the blessed forgetfulness of sleep, Mrs. Wheaton sent for and said a few quiet words to her brother.

And it was a truly penitent and sorrowing Uncle Jim who presently set off to meet Miss Helen. "I fully intended telling her it was a joke the next morning," so ran the burden of his story; "but who would have thought that the child would believe such a tale for so long?"

"She has a rare nature, has Emily," was Miss Helen's sole comment. "We must see what can be done to help her out."

A sick and feverish Emily woke up by and by, only to alternate more tears with fits of despairing, wide-eyed silence. She did not wish to see Uncle Jim—in fact, now ashamed of her own credulity and foolishness, as well as of the seeming vanity that had made her so ready to believe true so glorious an impossibility—she felt that perhaps she never again would wish to see him; and from Miss Helen also she shrank timidly. Perhaps she too—and here the tears threatened to drown her—had known of her effort, and had believed it all—all—a joke!

But Miss Helen was wise with the wisdom of deep and true sympathy, and she came quietly into Emily's darkened room without asking, sat down by the bedside, and tenderly kissed the nervous hands that hid the troubled face.

"I'm so sorry, little girl!" she murmured, though Emily made no stir or sign of having heard her. "I know just how you feel, for I had a similar experience, when I was older than you are, although it didn't come about through a fairy story. And I'm so glad to be able to tell you that I believe you will be really beautiful some day."

There was a moment of silence, then the nervous hands were clasping those of Miss Helen.

"Do you really, really think I'll ever be as beautiful as you are?"

Miss Helen, looking at the magnolia complexion, the splendid red curls, the wide, gray eyes and the broad, white forehead, and thinking of her own pink-and-blond prettiness, almost sighed as she answered.

"I don't think," she said with convincing quietness; "I know. But you'll have to wait until you are older, dear," she continued, as Emily sank back upon the pillows, weak and trembling from another

strong revulsion of feeling. "and perhaps it will be some years yet before you've quite outgrown your childish plainness."

"And in the meantime, little girl, just remember that people don't really love each other—not 'for keeps' as you children say—because they're beautiful or unbeautiful in personal appearance. It's because of our souls and dispositions and characters that we love each other, dearie, always and all the time."

"Now, just between you and me, just for a little secret we'll keep quite to ourselves, Uncle Jim and I love you better than all the others, although perhaps they're all prettier than you are at present. And just because I do love you best, and because you've proved that you can keep a secret, I'll tell you another one—a secret I don't expect to tell the others in a whole, long year: I'm going to marry Uncle Jim some day, dear, and be your auntie, instead of Miss Helen. And we'll always, always, be the best of friends."

It was balm to the wounded spirit to be talked to and treated in this manner: it was good to know that mother and Uncle Jim and Miss Helen had kept from the other children all knowledge of the real reason of her unexpected illness; there was comfort in Uncle Jim's affectionate explanation that he really hadn't meant to let the joke run on, and that he was inclined far more to respect her for her courage and persistence than to laugh because she had been foolish.

Best of all, they presently told her that when Miss Helen went back to "The City" next week she was to go too, for a special treat and indulgence, and that Uncle Jim would take her to the circus, the theater and all the wonderful places that she so often had wished to see. Long before the cool dusk had brought ease and rest to the fevered headache induced by the tears of the morning, sweet-natured Emily could almost smile at her own earlier passionate woe.

But though it all "came true" in fine order, with the added delight and glory of serving as ribbon-bearer to Miss Helen a year later, and though she presently came to love Uncle Jim so that he was more than ever hero, object of adoration and Prince of all but her best fairy stories, the memory of that awful shock and disappointment was slow in passing, and it was years before she could bring herself to look at or open "The Book" again.

## MODERN MUSICAL THERAPEUTICS

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young she could have had little inkling of the powers that were to be ascribed to her in more mature days. In New-York a number of enthusiasts have organized a society for the culture of musical therapeutics, to test the pathological effect of music employed for that purpose in cases of disease and mental infirmity.

This is no new thing. From the time that David played before Saul and the monarch illy requited the would-be healer by flinging a javelin at his head, attempts have been made to resort to music for supposed curative influence in various ills of mind and body. It must be admitted that some advance, at least in the amenities, has been made since the days of Saul and David. Kings no longer resent well-meant efforts at entertainment by the hurling of murderous weapons; and ordinary folks have been known to smile and murmur soft words of approval even at amateur musicales, however dark and Saul-like their thoughts might be.

The new society is endeavoring to do away with haphazard experimentation and to put the subject on a scientific, assured basis by means of well-considered observation and deduction from known facts. In a recent interview the president explained that they did not maintain that music alone would effect a cure, but that as a physician's aid it could not be overestimated. For fever, she declared, there were two prescriptions which she had known to work absolute cures: the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," repeated as often as might be necessary, rarely failed to induce sleep, while Schubert's "Serenade" had a similar effect in calming the senses and cooling the blood. For congestions, Wagner, and plenty of it, she added; the broad rhythms, the long pauses and the vibrations increased heart action and enlivened the whole physical system.

It is in cases of mental disturbance, however, that the most is hoped for from the application of music; experiments made in hospitals and other institutions have proved its value in tranquilizing and soothing even violent patients and in rendering them amenable to reason.

A recent invention also has a therapeutical end

By Frederic S. Law  
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in view, by means of which music can be translated into terms of touch. Wires connect the person of the subject with the instrument and convey to his body a succession of electric shocks corresponding exactly to the melody which is played. From their rhythmic and harmonic character these pulsations are supposed to have a healing power especially available for cases of nervous prostration, hysteria, insomnia and the like. Thus Bach and Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner may be turned on at will, and as the music is heard by the ear it courses through the body in sympathetic vibrations, attuning it and bringing it into harmony with its acoustical environment, thus establishing a condition favorable to health.

Piano-playing, we are assured, is the most refined and effective type of physical culture. Two New-York physicians, while gazing at the back of a young woman in evening dress—with a purely professional eye, of course—who was playing the piano, discovered that she brought all the scapular, or shoulder-blade, muscles into vigorous action. These muscles are intimately connected with the brain and spine, and their exercise tends to strengthen both. This discovery develops a new field for a much-derided instrument: no gymnasium henceforth should be without a piano; the foot-ball player whose professors complain that his devotion to athletics diminishes his alertness in purely intellectual pursuits will do well to achieve a double purpose by strengthening his spine and quickening his intellect with a course of lessons on the piano.

Another advantage appealing to the sex that does not aspire to foot-ball, base-ball or cricket is that music promotes a good complexion. This is deduced from an acquaintance with the girls and young women attending a certain boarding-school which is given up largely to the study of music—piano, violin and singing. Among the music students in this school there is not a single poor complexion. The theory is that living in an atmos-

phere so full of melodious vibrations induces a similarly harmonious mental state, which affects physical processes of circulation and digestion so beneficially that the result is seen immediately in a clear skin. What will not a woman do for such a happy consummation? It is well understood that Eve did not yield to the wiles of the serpent until he had assured her that apples were good for the complexion—then, what could she do but succumb?

From natural philosophy we learn that every large sheet of ice has some one tone humming through it, the pitch of which varies with its density. When the ice is thin the dominant note is high; when it is thick the note is low. An enthusiastic experimentalist asserts that he can determine the safety of the ice for skating by testing the tone to which the pond at large is attuned. According to him, no ice is safe unless its note is lower than middle C. A C tuning-fork, therefore, should form part of the outfit of every prudent skater.

Nor is this all. Experiments prove that musical vibrations exercise a strong power over certain forms of insect life. Mosquitos, for instance, have a fundamental tone which they cannot resist; when this tone is sounded in their vicinity they become paralyzed and fall apparently lifeless. A cornet played near a tree infested with caterpillars will cause them to drop to the ground, also to all appearances dead. This points the way to an unsuspected avenue of usefulness for the average village band.

There is even a musical mouse-trap on the market. Instead of cheese, it is baited with the siren tones of a small music-box, and when the tiny thief guilelessly seeks to discover the source of the sweet tones that assail his ear he finds himself a prisoner, undone by his new-born taste for art.

A lecturer before women's clubs announces that she has discovered the long-suspected connection between hair and music. The practice on certain instruments, she asserts, preserves the hair and causes it to grow luxuriantly, just as others have a tendency exactly opposite. Of the first class the

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